

THE BASKET.

Vol. I.

HADDONFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1888.

No. 20.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

The following Extracts from a poem by Agnes E. Mitchell, will be read with interest by those, who, after many years' absence in the large cities, are permitted to visit the rural scenes of their early days, and rehearse its employments and enjoyments. Pleasant memories mingle with the soul.—ED. BASKET.

With kingle, klangie, klinge,
'Way down the dusky dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow.
Ko-ling, ko-lang,
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolineleingle
'Way down the darkening dingle,
When cows come slowly home;
And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
And starry nights, and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways,
When the cows come home.
And mother songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys and childish tears,
And youthful hopes and youthful fears,
When the cows come home.
The same sweet sound of worldless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,
When the cows come home.
And up through Memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the silver queen,
When the cows come home.
With kingle, klangie, klinge.
With loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle.
The cows are coming home;
And over there on yonder hill
Hear the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will;
The dew-drops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill.
Ko-ling, ko-lang,
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolineleingle.
With ting-a-ling and jingle.
The cows are coming home.
Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain,
For dear old times come back again,
When the cows are coming home.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOS. W. FOX, Justice of the Peace, Real Estate Agent, etc., Euclid ave., near West End av., Haddonfield.

WALTER WAYNE, Practical Paper Hanger, etc., Main st., opposite Turnpike. Window Shades.

WM. S. DOUGHTY, Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, "E. D." Butter, etc. The "Ark," Haddonfield.

S. A. WILKITS & Co., Coal, Wood, Lumber, etc., cor. Tanner st. and Euclid ave., Haddonfield.

INSOMNIA.—Dr. Wm. F. Hutchinson says: "I have been requested to prescribe some drug that should produce sleep, and yet be harmless. No such drug exists! They are all poisonous. The use of chloral, bromide in some form, or opium, is extensively used in this country, and is increasing, and a large number of Americans go to bed every night more or less under the influence of poison. Sleep thus obtained is not restful or restorative, and Nature sternly exacts her penalties. Digestion suffers first—one is rarely hungry for breakfast, and loss of morning appetite is a certain sign of ill health. Increasing nervousness follows, until days become burdens, and poisoned nights the only comfortable parts of life!

INSOMNIA, (another word for Sleeplessness,) it is said, may be overcome by the use of Honey—two or three teaspoonfuls on a piece of bread just before going to bed. Must be pure honey. Simple. No harm to try it.

Ex-Speaker Randall is very ill. (says the N. Y. Ch. Advocate.) from eating a large saucer of frozen ice and raspberries in a few minutes; and Governor Ames, of Massachusetts, a total abstainer, is said to be ill from over-eating at public banquets, while Mr. Depew, who attends more public dinners than any other man in this country, never suffers, because he is very abstemious. Many a man has become a drunkard by over-eating, and then drinking to overcome stupor, so as to speak brilliantly.

The N. Y. correspondent of the Public Ledger has the following, in speaking of much of the criticism of newspapers, as "being quite as amusing as that of the Vassar graduate, who, at a commencement, read an essay on the subject of 'The Press.' This sweet young lady, who had never been inside of a newspaper office, but who looked lovely in a new gown, made especially for the occasion, made the usual sweeping denunciation of newspapers, which is so easy and so popular."

A son of Henry Buckley, of Mount Holly, had just obtained a bicycle, and made an attempt to ride on it, when he fell, his head striking a fence, rendering him unconscious, followed by stupor.

Coal Oil Tar, touched upon the skin, (writes a gentleman to the N. Y. World,) has been effectually used as a protection against the bite of mosquitoes.

Some author states that 50,000,000 of lives were lost by the Papal persecutions of Protestants!

It is asserted that there are more saloon-keepers in Monroe co., Ill., than Sunday School teachers.

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The Young People's Social gave an Entertainment on Thursday and Friday evenings of last week under a tent on the Lawn Tennis Grounds: Proceeds to go towards paying for a pavement in front of the Methodist Church. There was a display of Chinese lamps outside and good things to eat inside. On the first evening there was rather a slim attendance, the crowd having been attracted by the boat carnival on the lake. On the second evening there was a goodly company.

Unfortunately, the storm that came up late in the evening partially upset their tent, damaging dishes, lamps, etc. Those who had not already left, scrambled out the best way they could, in a drenching rain, and sought shelter in the depot. And, although some were considerably frightened, we are glad to learn no one was seriously hurt. Enough of the tent, we presume.

A lamp, used as a night lamp in the post-office, was found in the morning, one day last week, probably from over-heating, to be making a spluttering, with symptoms of becoming dangerous, when Assistant P. M. Richard Hill picked it up and threw it in street.

ACCIDENT.—Rev. Mr. Cline, when at Pitman Grove, on Thursday of last week, on passing down some steps, made a misstep and fell, somehow catching his foot in such a way as to badly sprain his ankle, confining him to the house. His pulpit was filled, both morning and evening, on Sunday last, by Rev. Mr. Glover, of the Baptist church.

Continued.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.—Thomas Baxindine, "mine host" of the Haddon House, took a party of friends out fishing on Evans' Lake on Thursday of last week. When off the mill-dam he fell out of his boat, and then swam ashore. Returning home in a friendly mill-wagon, he put on his "boarding-house suit," and rejoined his fishing party. Accidentally sitting down on his own and a friend's fishing-pole, he broke both. Next, upsetting a jar of jelly in the boat, he spoiled a suit of clothes for one of his friends; and, lastly, after returning home, he joined a croquet party, and was hit on the head by a ball. Fortunately, for his numerous sympathising guests, no other bad consequences followed. For the information of those unacquainted with Mr. Baxindine, it may be stated that he is a strict teetotaler.

Whether the above article brought us "bad luck" or not, we can't say, but we had an accident that we had never had before. Just when we had our form ready for the press, we let it fall to the floor, and made "pie" of it so rough, to make one feel like swearing, but we didn't. We cleared away the "wreck," and reset the type, causing a delay of two days only, and then, directly after the above calamity, while at dinner, we knocked over a cup of tea on table cloth and clothing. On Friday night,

A luminous CARNIVAL was held on Evans' Lake on Thursday evening, July 26. Mr. Porter's four-oared ladies' barge, for use of the Alpha Club, was launched at 7 o'clock. By 8 o'clock the boat-houses and boats were all brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns of all colors. At 8½ o'clock, the fleet of boats, numbering between 30 and 40, started from the boat-house, headed by the four-oared barge, rowed by Charles R. Stevenson, Fred. Collins, Howard Crawley and Reuben Edwards, followed by all the boats, filled with ladies and gentlemen in fancy costume, and rowed down to the "Castle of the King of Wheat,"* which, with the surrounding grounds, were handsomely illuminated. The fleet saluted the King with rockets, roman candles, colored lights and other fire-works. Returning, when within fifty yards of the boat-house, the barge stopped and allowed the fleet to pass in review. During the whole time, a handsome display of fire-works was exhibited from the Clubs' boat-houses. Frank L. Fithian was commodore of the fleet. About 2000 people viewed the display from the boat-houses and banks of the lake.

* It may be explained that the "King" alluded to is our friend, Jos. H. Evans, and the "Castle" his Flour Mill.

The Excursion of the Haddon Fire Co., and their friends, to Atlantic City on Wednesday last, was a grand success. About 400 tickets were sold; the Excursionists had a pleasant day, and enjoyed the invigorating sea breezes, with nothing, so far as we know, to mar the pleasures of the occasion.

The Horse stolen from N. B. Willets, a farmer near Haddonfield, on the 20th ult., was found a few days ago in the stable of J. W. Everich, Burlington, and is said to have been stolen by Edward Cline, who worked for Mr. W., and who traded the horse off to Mr. Everich for an inferior one and \$25.

Mr. Cann, of Philadelphia, proprietor of a Kidney Cure, paid our town a visit a few days ago.

The Local Option and High License law, passed by the New Jersey legislature, has been declared by the Court to be constitutional, "every objection being brushed away," by which it is said the saloon people are "confounded," and the temperance folks "jubilant." How will it work?

The African Meth. E. Mission Church, down on the "Point," was formally opened for public worship on Sunday afternoon last. Rev. Mr. Werner preached and Rev. C. C. Green made an address.

It has been announced that a Haddon Century Club is organizing, and, when perfected, will arrange for a Republican mass meeting.

Valuable information, that Bright's Disease, Gravel, Dropsy, or Liver Disease, can be cured by using Cann's Kidney Cure. 'Tis a miraculous medicine, and T. S. Young, Geo. D. Stuart and G. H. Tule, will speak of its merits. Try it.

The Knights of the Golden Eagle are advertised to go on an Excursion to Atlantic City on August 9th.

Plum's Excursion to Atlantic City, August 16.

DIED,

In Haddonfield, on Thursday, 26th Inst., JOHN W. BOYD, aged 54 years.

In Haddonfield, suddenly, on Friday, 27th Inst., SARAH MIDDLETON.

In Haddonfield, on the 26th Inst., J. C. BATES, in the 78th year of his age.

Near Moorestown, on the 25th Inst., MARIANA, wife of Jos. Lippincott, in the 27th year of her age.